

EF to Mother On Train TX

Ja 23, 1916

Dear Mothers

We have left Atlanta and now commence a part of the ~~new~~ world I have never seen before. I had hoped to get a half hours sleep at Atlanta but we were ordered up to change cars owing to ours having a flat wheel. This was annoying, mainly bec. of the inconvenience, also I fancied it maight be something worse, and in my hurrying to dress, realized how hard it was to get into one's clothes.

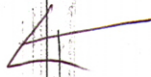
Yesterday was very dull. Today the sun is nice and bright.

As I came out of the dining car last eve. I heard someone say "Well Miss Freeman" and there was a young man I had not seen for two years. A Mrs Nash newspaper manforest reservationist, % socialist. He was on his way to the two counties in Georgia where the riots and lynchings of negroes are going on. We had a nice chat. He left the train this morning.

I find I pass thru the Gulport where Upton Sinclair and wife live or were living. I telegraphed him and perhaps he will meet the train.

The journey yesterday was oppressive and only relieved by a nice view of the Blue Ridge Mtns. in West Va.

Roy Nash - NAACP



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Ja 23 '16

The hotels and poverty along the way makes me sick. Places where human beings live one would not put a their dog.

The soil is a wonderful red, but it all looks strangely & barren. Mayby (sic) it was all scorched last summer.

The R.R. Stations have signs which reflect discredit upon Amercian democracy. One side has "Whites" and the other "Blacks" and some places "Colored Persons"

The negro is a shiftless soul, but conditions have made him so. The train porters work hard.

As we speed thru the small places we can see the people wending their way to church.

Must close ~~xxxx~~ Much love to all.

I forgot my little watch but I have 2 in the trunk and unless I sell those don't bother.

Transcribed from original.

Love, Betty